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SEVERAL years since, I spent a winter among the wild and beautiful haunts of nature—on the banks of the upper waters of the Penobscot. The country was then *very* new, and the ordinary facilities for happiness and improvement, much less than they now are: yet I look back upon that winter, as not only one of the happiest, but one of the most profitable, of my varied life.

When once we are shut out from an enlarged and refined society, and are obliged for mere want of amusement, and even employment, to turn our attention to *every thing* which we *may* find to busy our minds upon; when we learn to let nothing however minute or apparently contemptible escape our observation; it is astonishing to observe how abundantly, every place and every situation, is supplied with the means of improvement. Our family circle at home—for I spent the winter with a friend—was very small. But fortunately I was from my youth, a pedestrian of no ordinary pretensions; and besides, gifted with a bodily constitution, which even the rigors of a northern winter, served but to invigorate. I had provided myself with a companion, in the shape of a little dog, who possessed the advantage over me, of being a *native* of the wilds—but I overlooked the superiority, as he served the better as a guide; and thus equipped, there was hardly a spot within a dozen miles, which did not afford me matter for either speculation, reflection, or the more interesting study of human nature.

In this northern climate the winter is usually a series of the terrible and the beautiful. Sometimes for two or three days, the wind is up with the strength and voice of a giant, whirling the snow against every obstacle to its furious course; until the whole country presents one continuous scene of hill and valley of snow. On such days, a quiet home and a warm fireside are the best of Heaven's earthly gifts. And with my feet on the fender—for I am a native born yankee—a volume

of my favorite Burke in my hand; with an occasional turn to the window, to see phantoms in the snow fraught and wind borne clouds, to build castles in the air, or rather in the tempest; I managed to keep, if not impatience, at least ennui, at a distance. But when the giant of the storm had spent his fury, and laid him down to sleep; and the sun came forth in his glory, and smiled upon the devastation he had made: O then came the joyous coursing of blood in the veins; the hilarity of heart, and the activity of limb, which the indolent inhabitant of more genial climes can never feel. Then—

“The world was all before me,” where to rove
And gather up the scraps of bliss that lie
Strewed thick in life's broad path;

and I wrapped my travelling coat about me, and Ponto wagged his tail in happy anticipation of a ramble in the open air. Sometimes I visited the rude habitation of the scattered inhabitants, and gathered scraps of information; and studied human nature perhaps in its wildest state. But I found it as I have ever done, human nature still, in the palace and in the log hut, essentially the same. Here I found the bump of vanity as plainly developed, in the Madam's comments upon her management of her pigs and poultry; the smartness of her girls, and the stoutness and activity of her boys; as in the town lady—who arranges the finery of her house and herself—to meet the admiration of her visitors; and who spends her life in coveting and receiving applause; or in working up for herself a phantom of unhappiness, because some one has discovered faults where she sees only perfections. *Weak human nature!* Here too I saw the same indications of feeling, in the pretty sunburned girl's profusion of gay glass beads, horn combs, and gaudy calico, as in the town belle, who drains her father's (perhaps small) income, *expensively* to adorn a form which came from the hand of its maker lovely enough; and which she mistakes the means of rendering more so.—Here too I saw the same love of wealth; the same—call it emulation if you choose, I call it envy—which prompts the forest settler, to leave his fire-side and tug and toil away the winter in a *swamp*; that when the *freshet* is up, he may navigate the angry current with more, and larger and *clearer* logs, than his five mile off next neighbor; as that which prompts the speculator to ride and run and out bid, and risk his all, that he may pile higher his hoard of wealth, and be—not wiser—but richer than all of these. Ah, weak, short sighted human nature—as though wealth could make a softer grave; or the dross of earth, build a mansion of happiness for eternity.

But my chief source of amusement was in exploring the “logging roads;” these are roads which in the upper country turn off from the main road directly into the woods, and frequently extend from ten to

twenty miles into the forest, to the banks of either the main river or more generally to some small stream leading thereto, where the lumbermen engaged in cutting logs pitch their tent, or rather raise their camp, and establish themselves for the winter. Their establishment usually consists of a comfortable log house with a rock chimney and fire place, built rather with a view to consuming than saving wood; that article costing only the labor of cutting it. In the immediate vicinity of the house or camp, they build a long, low, barn in which to box their cattle up for the night, and to which is attached a haystack of herculean dimensions, though it is often divested of its corpulence before the weary oxen see the green open pastures of spring. I cannot describe the pleasure, these excursions among the hardy lumbermen gave me—to start off in the clear sunshine, when its beams were lighting up the alabaster earth with such sparkling brilliancy, that a pair of green goggles were in the open country, indispensable to comfort, and wander away into the quiet forest, where no sound of earth, save the echo of his own footsteps, disturbs the meditations of the traveler; had something in it peculiarly alluring to the romance of my feelings. The bare and leafless trees, whose summer garb was so beautiful; the evergreen whose less lovely foliage “in summer’s heat and winter’s cold” never forsakes it; the earth’s fair shield of virgin snow; which even in its frozen bosom hides it from the frost, and blast, of winter; the unbroken stillness of the scene, like the loneliness of the universe, ere it was peopled with every living thing: all, all brought their associations of ideas, and made these long walks to the camps of the lumbermen the most pleasant recreations, of my winter in the north. Yet I must do the open hearted lumbermen the justice, to acknowledge that my reception, at the end of my journey, was not among the least of its attendant pleasures: the hearty shake of the hand, the cordial “glad to see you;” the warm comfortable camp, and the active preparations for supper, were by no means ungrateful to a poor fellow, who had walked a dozen miles since dinner, and felt almost uncomfortably conscious, that the keen air, had not been inactive in the whetting of his appetite; or as the lumbermen used to say, “felt as hungry as a Bear.” But the supper would soon make its appearance—fried pork in abundance, which only needed our excellent appetites, to make one of the most palatable dishes in the world; excellent bread, cold, and hot, with *molasses*, as a substitute for butter; fried doughnuts and *such* tea—I never saw any thing like it among the ladies; constituted the common evening repast. Sometimes I amused myself with watching the evening operations of the camp. Frequently there was an axe helve, or a goad-stick to make; and a huge and fanciful heap of whittlings would rise up around the *artisan* as he proceeded in his work. The “tea things” were always speedily washed and

neatly placed upon the clean but rough cup-board, and then an operation succeeded which at first puzzled me exceedingly. Having prepared a quantity of beans, the cook for the day placed them in a kettle, with water, at a short distance from the fire. They are to "*bake*" tomorrow, thought I, and they parboil their beans over night: but what was my astonishment when about to retire to rest to see them removed into a bake-kettle, or dutch-oven, crowned with a huge piece of their "prime staple"—pork—carefully covered, and then actually buried, and hidden from mortal view in the cart load of living embers, which glowed on the capacious hearth. I did not wish to expose myself by making inquiries, but here *was* something beyond my comprehension: I could not sleep, and when I did the exterminated vegetables were before me. I had a restless night—but my wonder was removed the next morning, by the appearance of one of the finest dishes of baked beans, that I have ever seen. Verily, thought I, there are more things in the earth, than *have been* dreamed of, in my philosophy. Sometimes I yielded to the earnest solicitation of the lumbermen, and deferred my departure until the following day: then I went with them into the forest, and saw the trees, which a hundred years had reared, fall in perhaps as many minutes, before the destroyer; and almost murmured, that magnificent nature shrinks thus from the art of man. But there was a camp, at about eleven miles distance into the forest, where I found myself so agreeably entertained, that my friend began seriously to inquire, whether its inhabitants, or himself, were to be honored with the remainder of my visit.

The establishment was one of peculiar neatness; and situated on the banks of what in summer, must have been a wildly romantic stream, surrounded as far as the eye could reach, with a superabundance of the most magnificent lumber which I have ever seen. The "Captain," who was also the owner of the establishment, was a man who inspired me with interest, from the first time I saw him. He was apparently about thirty-five firmly though not inelegantly formed, and with a countenance expressive of deep thought, and great strength of character; but his eye, that dark rolling index to the soul, spoke of passion;—passion in its wildness and excess, and disappointment or remorse which must be *felt*, though the sternness of brow above, seldom allowed it to be seen. Besides the uncommon interest which I felt in this man, his "crew" was one of the most civil and gentlemanly, which I have ever met with, and though they were gay merry fellows, the order in the camp was perfect; and Mr. Wilton—that was his name—ever treated me with so much kindness and respect, and frequently urged my return with so much cordiality, that I at length became almost a domesticated member of their fraternity.

"Fanny," said my friend, to his rosy-cheeked wife, as we sat at dinner one soft sunny day in the last of February; "it is *too* pleasant to stay at home to day, what say you for a ride?" "O, I should like it very much, if we had any where to ride but up and down this forest-bound road, and past the log houses—if we were only in Massachusetts again." "Nonsense," said Harry gaily, "there is not a spot in New England that will compare with this, by the time our little Frank is old enough to judge:—but we will ride to the village." "O that's ten miles off." "A mere trifle, twenty miles going and coming, will be but an afternoon dance, for the horses on these smooth roads and in this gorgeous sunshine." "Well," said Fanny, "we will leave it all to cousin William, who of course will be of the party." "Excuse me," said I, "I have made arrangements to visit Mr. Wilton, and sleep at the camp to-night." Fanny protested, and Harry offered me an axe, if I should conclude to join the lumbermen. But I managed to keep up my side through dinner, when the sleigh drove up to the door. We were all equipped, and Harry with his pretty wife rode off one way, as I walked off another. It was a beautiful afternoon; there was scarcely a cloud to be seen, and the air lacked only the odors, to have mistaken it for the soft deliciousness of May; and as I slowly journeyed along, I was fain to persuade myself, that winter had actually broken his neck, in bellowing forth the last hurricane storm. I shall never forget that afternoon's walk: the sun looked down through the tall trees, as if smiling over a vanquished enemy—the stillness of the scene was unbroken, save when Ponto occasionally ran forward, and barked for want of thought; while I, my travelling coat thrown back, and often cap in hand, held on my way; while my imagination teemed with images of beauty, which after life and a more enlarged acquaintance with the world, have never effaced. But "a change came o'er the spirit of my dreams." I was within a mile of my destination, when a shrill blast like the warning of a passing spirit swept through the trees. I looked involuntary up, the sun was not set, but a huge fortress of black and folded clouds, was rising up in the late untarnished western sky, and he was already hiding himself behind its portentous bulwarks: the wind was awake and apparently holding consultation with the storm-clouds which could do nothing without it, but presently this interval of quiet closed: the affrighted clouds mounted the wings of the tempest and careered over the sky; the wind blew his trumpet call for all his allies, that still reposed in their frozen caves of the north; the snow intermixed with hail began to darken the air, and the storm in its fury came on. Strange thought I that I had never dreamed that this lovely day was what the lumbermen have so often told me of—a weather breeder. But I hastened forward, hoping as I faced the storm, that Harry had been able to reach home before its

fury began. I arrived at the camp and found all as I had anticipated : the lumbermen's acquaintance with the climate had given them an intimation of the impending storm ; they had worked only while the *day* lasted ; and on the first appearance of the cloud they had hastened to the camp, secured all their tools, put up their oxen for the night, and prepared every thing—in their own phrase, for a storm. They had been watching for my approach—thinking that I should not lose so fine a day, and the demonstrations of joy at my arrival were almost vociferous. Wilton met me at the turn of the road, and his cordial shake of the hand as he enquired whether I was frozen, and offered his arm for my assistance, carried with it and confirmed in my own bosom the warm sentiments of a friend, rather than the politeness of an acquaintance. We entered the camp, and a log camp has ever looked comfortable and happy to me from that evening. I was speedily divested of my frozen garments, and soon felt as though a storm and I had never met. Then came the warm, *delicious*, supper : and no luxury that the lumberman's camp knows, was spared from the way-beaten, but welcome guest. But that night—that storm—a hundred years would never efface one image, of that horror fraught vigil from my remembrance. By nine o'clock the tired "hands" had all thrown themselves upon their homely, but comfortable couches ; but what with the roaring of the storm, which continued if possible to augment its fury ; the vicissitudes of the afternoon, and the tremendous tea, of which I had taken an unusual quantity ; I felt no disposition to sleep. And besides Wilton, for whom I felt the tenderness of a brother, had hardly ceased to walk the floor, through the whole evening. I marked the wildness of his eye, the fever of his brow, the pallid compression of his lips ; and saw that trouble, nay agony, was harrowing up the secrets of his soul. The spirit of the storm was howling through the trees, tearing away the frozen branches, and sending them crackling through the forest ; the men had slept—long and *loud* : Wilton had often caught my anxious eye, and had as often *tried* to remark that *he*, never could rest in a storm, but that the night was wearing away, and entreat that I would go to rest, and not mind his vagaries. Rest—I might as well have rested by my father's burning house.

At length I could endure it no longer. "Wilton," said I "dear Wilton, you cannot conceal from me that you have some cause besides the storm, fearful though it is, for this emotion ; and why will you by concealment, deprive me of the happiness of affording you consolation." He turned, and looked at me with a countenance of so much wretchedness, and despair, that I felt the tears start in my eyes. I arose, and taking hold of his arm, entreated him to sit down, and try to compose himself. He was overcome—he was a man of the world ; burying deep

and sacred feelings, in his own bosom; and I doubt, if the accents of heartfelt kindness, had often met his ear. The tears were in his eyes—they came uncalled and uncontrollable; he set down—covered his face with his handkerchief, and sobbed aloud. I did not speak; I felt that I might not intrude into the feelings, which even in their sacredness were so powerful: but I could not refuse the spontaneous tribute of sympathy, and my tears flowed unrestrained. At length he uncovered his face, our eyes met—the movement was involuntary on both sides—but we threw our arms around each other; and one, long, fervent embrace, sealed a friendship of the heart, which death only might terminate. After a determined effort to compose himself, he spoke: “you shall know all,” said he, “you shall hear my story; and then you will forgive the weakness which you have seen. Of my early life, I will be brief. My father was a man who buried the affection of a parent beneath the sternness of a master, and the lessons of prudence and wisdom, which, bearing the impress of affection, might have influenced my whole life; fell powerless on my ear, when clothed in the accents of command. My mother—who ever saw an *American* mother that was not: I had almost said all that she should be? Affectionate, patriotic, devoted to the interest and happiness of her husband, and willing to lay down *her* happiness or her life for the good of her children. But I was a proud and self-willed boy: and I forgot to pay the tribute to my mother’s worth, until, in bitterness of spirit, it was paid too late—upon her grave. At eighteen years of my age, my father died, and—shall I tell it—yes, from you I will hold nothing. *I did not regret it*; I felt that my bondage was broken: and besides, my father, though a man of active business and considered rich, had never indulged me in the least extravagance: against this parsimony my willful feelings had often murmured; and I now exulted in the prospect of unbounded freedom, with an abundance of what I then considered the means of obtaining pleasure and happiness. Judge then of my mortification when on the settlement of the estate, of all of *his* property, there remained for *us*, only a few hundred dollars in money; with a small farm, on which we had long resided, and a township of what was then considered, the worthless wild lands in the north of Maine. My wounded pride, almost drove me to distraction. My pent up passions had even in my father’s life, often enough found vent, to give me, with the strict sect among which we resided, the character of an unamiable and unpromising young man, unworthy of respect and unfit for society. My proud and sensitive feelings keenly felt the neglect with which I was treated—the coldness with which I was looked upon—and but for one sainted being I should have speedily and at once put an end to my existence, and what I termed my misfortunes. This was a young lady to whom I had been at-

tached from childhood. I loved Harriet Hermann with all the ardor of a youthful and unsophisticated passion; and I could not *reasonably* doubt that my love, even in its ardency was reciprocated; but the jealousy of my disposition admitted of doubts, and I determined to make her the test of my future life; to decide by that whether life in brightness and hope; or death in despair should be my lot. I sought the presence of my beloved, and save my determination in case of disappointment to put an end to my existence: I laid my whole heart before her. I informed her that—as my father's inheritance was—compared with our expectations so mere a trifle, that I had determined to rob my mother of no part of what I considered no more than necessary for the maintenance of her remaining family, (consisting as it did of two daughters and a little son)—and that I was decided in my resolution to accept only the wild township, as my portion; and to leave my home, and seek an abode of peace and happiness in its bosom: “this is my decision.” ‘Dear Harriet,’ said I, ‘what is yours—farewell?’ “No Clarence,” she said, with the lovely candor of a pure and devoted heart—“no, I will go with you to the ends of the earth.” “But your father,” said I, “would he not disapprove?” “My step-mother,” she answered, “does not love me, and would influence my father against you—but we will not be married now, you shall go and see your estate and make some preparation for me.”

I left her with a lightened heart, and in a week was in Bangor, with but three hundred dollars in the world, making preparations for an extensive lumbering expedition for the winter;—that was my first winter in the woods, but it was a happy one—I found my land richly stored with “pine wealth,” and I looked forward to a little paradise among its shades. My winter's work yielded a very handsome profit, and early the next summer I selected a beautiful romantic spot, as our future residence; built a neat and comfortable timber house near the site which I had chosen for a better one, when I should have built my mill; for which I was making preparations. Around this little wanderer's home in the wilderness, I cleared about ten acres of land; and the following winter left my camp and crew, now a large one, while I brought home my bride. My winter's work was more prosperous than before. I found myself growing in wealth—Harriet was contented and happy: she had expected only dreariness and desolation and was agreeably disappointed to find every thing neat and comfortable; for though our luxuries were few, we had the comforts and many of the conveniences of life, in abundance. Her father also had contributed much towards her happiness, by visiting us early in the summer, and bestowing the benediction and blessing, which he had before withheld. For a year and a half we enjoyed—I had almost said perfect happiness. Strange that

in all our blissful dreams, of the present and the future, the thought had never cast a shadow over our path—that such bliss was “too exquisite to last.”

In July, eighteen hundred and twenty-six, I received a letter, by express; stating that my last earthly parent, was upon her death-bed—and urging me to loose no time in hastening to her, not only to receive her dying blessing, but likewise, to arrange pecuniary matters; which, on account of my little brother's youth, it would be necessary for me to do, in case of her decease. This letter threw me into an agony of apprehension. Harriet's situation forbade her accompanying me; and to leave her among comparative strangers, for so great a length of time? I could not think of it—but her composure in prospect of the separation, entirely calmed me. “It is your duty, dear Clarence,” she said, “and God will take care of me.” Whoever withstood the eloquence of woman, especially when, as almost ever, she has religion and virtue on her side? *We parted*—I hurried away with the messenger, and I never saw her again. For six weeks, unavoidable circumstances—duty which *she* had urged so sweetly, detained me from all that had power to charm. At length, with a lightened but forboding heart, I turned my face towards home. The facilities for speedy travelling were not so great as at this time, yet I allowed nothing to stay my course, and on the fourth day found myself in Bangor. But judge of my horror, when I here learnt that the tremendous fire, of which I had before heard only flying reports, was actually ravaging the upper country, on its course towards the east. I goaded on my jaded horse, as far as the roads at that time allowed; of summer travel; then leaving him to the care of a farmer, by the way-side, I threw myself into a birch canoe, and offered two young Indians their own price, to carry me to — without sleeping. They agreed to the proposal; the bark was soon freighted with roasted corn and smoked Moose, and the muscular and ambitious young Penobscots were speedily propelling the light canoe, like a thing of life, over the sparkling but silent river. At length we arrived at the foot of the falls, about a mile below my home. I would not allow the tired fellows to carry the boat round as usual, for I clearly saw the smoke rising slowly like an expanded mist, in the direction of my house. The power of speech was gone, but I threw my purse (which I knew contained more than enough to satisfy their every requirement) at their feet, and darted into the forest—weeds and windfalls were nothing in my way. I reached the well known path, where with my own Harriet, we had so often taken our evening walk. The smoke was still curling up before me, but I flew forward, encouraged by the secret hope that the fire had passed above my opening. Within half a mile, the view was obstructed by an extremely thick growth of Maple. With the conflicting emotions

of agony and hope tearing at my heart, I darted through, and all was before me. My sweet cottage, the abode of love and bliss, was a heap of smouldering ashes; and the ground, to within twenty yards of my feet, was but a bed of ashy cinders, with the blackened, and in many instances, still burning trees above.—————

When I recovered from that swoon of horror, Cummings (the man who I had left to take care of my family,) was standing over me, and the tears were streaming down his face. "Speak," I gasped, "for Heaven sake speak?" He shook his head—"all gone," in answer to my earnest entreaties. Cummings related the following particulars of their fate. Two days before my arrival my Harriet was taken ill, and soon after, became the mother of a little girl: though out of danger she was extremely feeble; she was waiting impatiently for my return, when only the night previous to my arrival, they were awakened by the light and crackle of flames on every side; he sprang from his bed, and opened the door, but the flames burst in; and the whole forest, as far as the eye could extend, was enveloped in a shower of fire. The women were screaming, but he heard the voice of my own love in high and holy prayer, to her God. *He* sprang to his room and hastily put on his clothes and a pair of thick boots, put a pillow over his head, and snatching the quilt from the bed, wrapped it tightly round his head and body, so as not to impede his running, and reached the river in safety.

When he the next morning crept out of the water, to see if the scourge had passed over: the traveling tempest of fire was far in the horizon, perhaps a hundred miles beyond him, but its desolation was *there*. The kind old nurse had been faithful to the last, she had never left her patient. Their bones laid side by side, and the little one was firmly enclosed in its mother's arms. The servant girl had fled into the flaming forest, and her bones laid about twenty yards from the house. That night, continued Wilton, after an agonizing pause, I sent away the friendly Indians, whom Cummings had called to our assistance—he found them sleeping by their bark—to seek with him the repose which nature required, in the edge of the green wood: while I kept alone the last vigil over the dead. But the wrath of the Almighty was not appeased, and on the heels of the conflagration came the tempest: it was one of those appalling nights, when the darkness and the lightning, the wind and the thunder, seem to vie with each other in spreading horror over the scene. I was alone, by the bones of the dead: and you must imagine feelings which I cannot describe. But you must forgive the weakness which shrinks before the recollections, which a storm awakens in a bosom, and which in all the vicissitudes of life, has from that night never tasted happiness.

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Wilton fell a victim to his wanderings in search of balm for a broken heart. He died of the yellow fever at Jamaica, whither he had gone for the disposal of his lumber. I did not mourn for him, for I felt that he was joined to his Harriet in a better world : where all tears are wiped away.

WHERE IS HEAVEN?

O WHERE is Heaven? said ye, said ye true,
That this life with its brightness had nothing to do?
That the morning breaks o'er the earth-bound soul,
With no glimmering light of that glorious goal,
From whence is its fountains? I tell ye nay;
For ne'er opened a morn, or night curtained a day,
But e'en to an earthly bound vision was given,
A gleam of that birth of the glorious—Heaven.

Stood ye e'er by the Ocean, when its billows were hoarse
With upbraiding the black rocks, which bounded their course?
And gazed ye far out on the fathomless sea,
'Til your soul grasped for more than a mortal be?
Would ye not at that moment that earth's clogs were riven,
That your heart might expand in that kindling of Heaven?

And even when bathing with tears, the loved brow,
Of the dear, but the cold and indifferent, now;
And the heart, but one more pang of sorrow might move;
What stayed the tears flow, and the eye turn'd above?
Ah! a vision of comfort, in mercy was given;
The loved is preparing our mansion in Heaven.

Aye! ever, along our sad pilgrimage way,
—Lest the feet of the lone and benighted, might stray;—
Comes a view of that prize of the faithful; the bright
Home, of those who have run, and have fought the good fight,
And have worked while the day lasted; sure that their even,
Would close, but to open, the portals of Heaven.

E D U C A T I O N .

AMID the various subjects which present themselves to the attention of the philosophic inquirer, we know not of any one more *national* in its interests, or worthy of minute attention, than that which investigates the theory and practice of public instruction. The assertion that 'knowledge is power,' is verified on every page of history, present or past. To the neglect of this great auxiliary in the political condition of mankind, may be ascribed the downfall of the ancient republics. In tracing the history of Greece, as a commonwealth, we lose sight of her *general* condition in the contemplation of her few great names, and thus draw an unfair inference in reference to her intellectual character. We admit that her annals are enriched by some extraordinary exhibitions of original genius, between the period of Solon, and that of her final subjugation by the Romans. She had a Phidias for her sculptor—Thales for her mathematician,—Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides for her dramatists,—and Plato taught his divine philosophy within the walls of her Academy: but the mass of her population was immersed in the grossest ignorance, and this circumstance materially hastened her decline. The intellectual character of *Athens* claimed and received, beneath the power of Rome, a degree of respect to which her proud, though less cultivated rival, Sparta, was a stranger. Her literature which ages had consecrated, arrested the remorseless tyranny of Sylla, who, while he leveled her lofty Acropolis, desecrated her altars, demolished her groves, and plundered her sacred temple, permitted her libraries and schools of learning to remain, either as monuments of his clemency—or, as contrasts to the desolations which surrounded them. A corresponding cause produced a like effect in the destruction of the Roman Republic, and prepared its population for the blood-stained cruelties of a Tiberius, Domitian, Caligula, and Nero. The dearth of information, following the Gothic conquest of imperial Rome, by Alaric, in the fourth century, and the destruction of the Alexandrian library by Omar in the sixth, banished literature to the churches and monasteries, and produced a debasement of human intellect which has no parallel in the records of history. Tyranny, bloodshed, and cruelty disgraced the nations of the earth. Kingdoms became battle fields, and the world a charnel house. As literature emerged in Europe from the cloisters of the monks, education gradually advanced, clouded by the superstitions she had imbibed during her thousand years' obscurity. The condition of mankind improved; commerce opened an intercourse between countries hitherto strangers to each other; knowledge extended, but its elements were rather the legendary traditions of the monks, than the actual developement of science. The introduction of printing into England, in the fifteenth century, which burst like a new dispensation on the benighted condition of humanity, proved a powerful aid in the diffusion of general learning—tinctured as it was by the mystic subtleties of the schools—obscured by technicalities, and confined to the circles of aristocracy. But it was reserved for the seventeenth century to unfold the true principles of education—to open to the student a new path to

the temple of science—to break down the barriers which empiricism and ignorance had erected before the altar of truth—to dispel the metaphysical delusions and vague theories which had been imposed on men as the elements of a true philosophy,—to unfold a system fixed and immutable in its laws, the ramifications of which were to embrace every department of science, and to extend wherever human curiosity or infirmity might lead their possessor to explore. Such was the instructive philosophy of Bacon. Under this new and analytic system, learning assumed at once a high rank—mankind began seriously to inquire into the operation of *causes* in producing effects—the political condition of nations became a subject for the test of Bacon's Philosophy, and the results were manifested in the 18th century, by liberation of our own country from the dominion of Britain, and by the French revolution, which ultimately placed Napoleon Bonaparte on a throne.

Having thus cursorily connected education with the destinies of past generations, and shown its effects in regenerating the human mind from the errors and darkness of superstition, we shall inquire how far the system of instruction pursued in our institutions of learning, male and female, is calculated to mature that mental vigor, which may, properly directed, raise us to the highest pinnacle of intellectual and moral glory. Our advantages are great, our resources abundant. The question to be decided is, whether with the literature of the past within our reach—possessing the energy of a national youth—we shall follow in the beaten track of a forefather's knowledge, or quitting the path which obscurity too often dims, dare to advance with the improving spirit of the age, and lay the foundation of an instructive system, equally philosophic and independent, as the political structure which forms the charter of our free born rights.

The great end of education is to develop our moral, physical, and intellectual faculties, and to unite them in a perfect and harmonious whole. There are two modes of accomplishing this object, totally distinct in their operations and results. The one consists in impressing facts on the memory by their continued repetition, until the pupil is able to repeat them *verbatim et literatim*: the other, in collecting and comparing a multitude of facts, in order to arrive at a general conclusion. The one views things as they are, without inquiring into their elementary instruction: the other analyses and arranges the materials, and thus sees a *whole* through the separation of its component parts. The former makes the memory a mere machine, moved by an external impression, unaided by reason, discrimination or judgment; the latter calls the thinking faculties into action, and leads the mind to precede every act by an inquiry into the motive which induced it. The former enriches the memory by a vast accumulation, but rejects general observations, and confines itself within the limits of laws purely conditional. It is the source of those traditional errors in education, which causes the philosopher, at times, to wish we had seminaries to teach the art of forgetting. In our country there are many reasons which might be adduced in favor of the analytic system, independently of its intrinsic worth. Our commerce is floating to every quarter of the globe. We are daily interchanging civilities with nations possessing that leisure, wealth and retirement, necessary to advance the pursuits of science. They are watching the progress of our institutions: waiting with eager impatience for the solution of the great question, hitherto answered in the negative, whether *Republics* can endure. We are destined to solve

the inquiry—to establish in the sight of the Universe, and over the ruins of former democracies, a great moral truth, or to swell the train of those abortive attempts at national liberty which have terminated in anarchy and despotism. The accomplishment or the failure will depend on the spread of useful knowledge, on the utilitarian method pursued in the education of our youth.

When we turn our attention to the recent work of M. Cousin on education in Germany, and observe, that even in the *common schools* of Prussia, the elements of physical science are taught so far as they tend to explain the phenomena of nature, and are connected with history and geography—that one of the great objects of attention is to render the history, constitution and laws of the country familiar to *every* German scholar—that *Latin* is taught as a means of exercising the intellect, and improving the taste for inquiring into original causes—we must admit that this monarchy may be held up as a model to the world, in the perfection of her literary institutions.

The enactments of a law to compel parents to educate their offspring, would, we are aware, be unpopular in our free government; but there is a moral lever by which the reason of mankind may be moved, when penal enactments would be ineffectual. It is to this we would appeal in behalf of our public instruction. There is a common observation among those conversant with the relation between teacher and scholar, that the feeling of the latter is generally hostile to the former—that tasks are accomplished with great labor, and no small share of disgust. May not the cause of this effect be traced to an unphilosophic mode of imparting information—to that system of *memorizing*, which burdens when it should enlighten? Let us test the fact, by a direct investigation of the general mode of teaching arithmetic, one of the primary branches of education. A slate and arithmetic are placed before the pupil: he is desired to commit to *memory* the *rules*. If after much application they are at last impressed on the recollection, they are associated in the mind only with a *particular set* of arithmetical questions. That exertion of mind, which, properly called into action, would have enabled him to apply his knowledge to the practical purposes of life, has been utterly neglected in the *mechanism* of committing rules, the principles or elements of which it is manifest he does not comprehend. The above remark applies still more particularly to English grammar. We have known pupils who have waded *twice* through Lindley Murray's Grammar, and can yet neither write nor speak grammatically. We are not aware of any *book* which can impart the philosophy of grammar to the juvenile mind. *It requires a living instructor, who is able, without a grammar, to unfold the philosophy of English Syntax—to show the manners and times in which actions are accomplished, and the peculiarities of situation in which the actors may be placed.* We would have grammar impressed on the mind by actual demonstration; nor can we see any use for burdening the *memory*, until the pupil has advanced to the rules of syntax. He who cannot teach English grammar without such an auxiliary, should, in conscience, abandon the task of imparting this branch of education. The pupil is told that a verb is a word which signifies to be, to do, or to suffer. Can such a definition impart an *idea*? When the maturity of intellect foreruns its needed cultivation, we shall look for the exhibition of such a prodigy; but while the avenues to the youthful understanding can only be approached by the most simple and gradual developement of its powers, by an ana-

lysis in which a *whole* may be seen through its respective parts—which shall present a *cause* for every effect—we shall deny that this combining system, this view of *masses* instead of simple materials, can ever accomplish the important end of scholastic instruction—that of leading the youthful mind to a liberal, useful, and rational maturity. This chief dependence on *one* of the mental functions, which we have shown to govern the teachings of arithmetic and English Grammar, may be seen pervading every department of public instruction. The facts of *history* are impressed on the memory, while the mind is left utterly vacant as to its *philosophy*. The pupil is a living telegraph as to dates and occurrences, but totally unacquainted with the causes which led the historian to record them—the important effects by which they were followed, or the great moral lesson they are calculated to teach. A child may be taught, by committing the occurrence to memory, that Poland belongs to Russia; but there are appendages attached to it, of much greater consequence to his general knowledge, than the fact itself. He should be acquainted with the *causes* which led to the subjugation of this once free land—should know that they may be held up as a beacon to tyrants—as a mirror in which despotism may see her deformed image reflected—in which faithlessness may blush as she beholds this never to be forgotten refinement on the original constitution of her laws. Such an explanation of Poland's fall would call the thinking faculty into action—would open the pupil's mind to a reflection on the rights of nations and of men—would teach him to hate tyranny, to venerate liberty, and appreciate the blessings of the land which gave him birth. Nor would the effects of such an analytic system of instruction be confined to the academic walls. It would be seen regulating the conduct of the future *man*—teaching him to respect individual and collective privileges, and to look upon his country as a sacred and holy deposit, committed to the moral influence of her sons. By the same rule he may be acquainted with the fact, that the United States were once colonies of Great Britain; that they achieved their independence towards the close of the eighteenth century. But how little does the acquisition of such knowledge advance the interests of his historical information! Does it impress what is really worthy of attention in the history of his country—the personal sacrifices of her citizens—the unparalleled hardships of Washington and his troops—the ruined fortunes which swelled this great offering to liberty—the betacombs which oppression piled upon her altar? Can he draw from a knowledge of the *facts*, the instructive lesson which her determination of purpose, her noble struggle, and final triumph, should impart? By such teaching he may know that his country is free—but the circumstances which led her to her emancipation, (the sterling ore of her history) the philosophical theme which she offers for reflection, must be hid to his mental gaze, until some one better qualified than his instructor, shall lead him, by a beautiful analysis, to inquire into her early and most important trials. Connected with history, and one of its most important features, is the jurisprudence of a country. In our land, where youth in their future manhood are eligible to the highest judicial stations—liable at all times to be called on to act as jurors—how necessary, how absolutely important is it, that they should in early life, while the mind is free and unfettered, be versed in the laws they are destined, ultimately to administer. The cause of the widow—the hopes of the fatherless—the last asylum of injured and oppressed innocence, may rest upon

their knowledge, and exist but in their decision. They may be called to decide on all that is dear, honored, venerable or sacred. Human life may be saved in their wisdom, or *sacrificed* in their ignorance. If we ascend from the effects of legal knowledge in the common courts of law, to its important consequence in our State Legislatures, and its still higher rank in the General Government, we may blush at the neglect of its cultivation in our public and private institutions. There are, we are aware, even in this city, some honorable exceptions to our remarks: but they are few, and confined to a grade of society in which, under any circumstances, we are led to think it would not be utterly neglected. We trust the work of President Duer on this important branch of education, will have a circulation commensurate with its importance and merits, and that its gifted author may receive the reward of his labor in the enlightened condition of the rising generation on all questions of judicial or national interest.

Among the various subjects presented to the youthful mind, there are none which open a wider field for inquiry and thought, than the natural sciences: yet how small a portion of time is, generally, devoted to them—how unphilosophically are they taught. Instead of an *ocular* demonstration of principles and processes, the pupil is taught by the repetition of *book* lessons, the analysis of chemistry, the mysterious operations of Astronomy, the apparently hidden secrets of Geology, the wonder-working activity of Mechanics. We are not opposed to books as *auxiliaries* in the work of instruction, but we cannot admit that the secrets of the great chemical laboratory on which we tread, the various decompositions and combinations which are constantly taking place in its internal structure, and the laws by which its motions are governed and regulated, can ever be made apparent to the young mind by a mere display of the printed page. To develop the principles of natural philosophy to render them simple and plain, is a task of labor, and the offspring of much research. The instructor who is not able to explain and demonstrate them experimentally, independently of any aid, save the concentrated power of his own mind, and his aptitude for imparting information, should retire from the duties of a station he is not fitted to fulfil. Let the pupil *commit and repeat* the fact that the planets are retained in their orbits around the sun, and satellites around their primaries by an attractive force, decreasing as the squares of the distance increase, and you store his memory with matter perfectly useless. *Show* him by a common magnet and a needle, that the attraction diminishes as they recede from each other, and he comprehends at once what is meant by *the square of the distance*.

The exact sciences possess every claim which can recommend them to the observation of youth. They show them that the laws of nature are as simple as immutable—that it is principles not *phenomena*, which should be the object of their pursuit: that the iris colors which glitter on a soap bubble are dependent on the laws of refraction and reflection, the direct consequence of one of the most important principles in the science of Optics—there is no process in nature which does not offer an instructive lesson to her children, and explain some important feature of that law which holds the material universe together: that there are

Tongues in trees, books in the runnings brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.

The fall of a pebble to the earth, if properly explained by the teacher, if *shown* to be dependent on the force of attraction—to be a practical exhibition of that law which governs the motions of the heavenly bodies—may lead the ardent mind of youth to the well directed inquiry into the constitution of the planetary and stellar systems. His reasoning powers are thus called into exercise on one of the loftiest subjects of private conception. He becomes accustomed, almost independently of his will, to mark the operation of general causes and the effects of general laws. Where one less informed would discover no indications of intelligence, no mark of beauty, he revels in the midst of increasing wonders and renewed powers of explanation. Every object which nature presents affords him instruction, and impresses him with a sense of the harmony of those laws, which work together for ultimate good. What are all the fashionable acquirements of life—the gaudy toys that glitter on the surface of human existence—when compared with the depths of rational intelligence that a mind thus stored possesses?

An inquiry into one branch of natural philosophy, Optics, will open physiology and anatomy to his view, in the structure and functions of the eye. He will find that this organ is a *living* 'camera obscura,' that, as far as it is a passive agent, it is under the control of a corresponding law to that which regulates the inverted image of the darkened chamber—that the object is concentrated and reflected by the chrysalline lens on the retina, as is that of the camera by the magnifying lens. Thus by a simple and well regulated opening, the pupil may be led through the whole circle of science. Much must necessarily depend on the *elementary* process. If the *memory* is merely impressed where the *reasoning faculty* should be appealed to and developed, we may expect to see, in the pupil, if not a *blank* in the midst of creation, a senseless gazer amidst the stupendous operations of God! The *memorizing* system is equally detrimental to every department of instruction. It may sometimes save labor, and more frequently hide ignorance, but can never advance the interest of the pupil, or strengthen his mental powers in the ratio of which they are susceptible. If admissible in any branch, it is that of the ancient languages, where the pupil intended to be *thoroughly versed* in the minute structure of the Greek and Latin tongues. A perfect knowledge of the grammars in those languages is a *sine qua non* to their attainment. But the fact is yet to be tested, whether an inductive method of teaching them might not supersede the great labor with which they are now acquired. It is a drudgery to teach and learn them. In the modern languages, the inductive system has been tried by Mr. Manesca, and with rapid and uncommon success. If his pupils are not deeply versed in the French language, they are at least capable of quickly applying their knowledge to the practical purposes of life. The great utility of modern languages consists in the ability to converse in them.

We are persuaded that the time must arrive, when the analytic system will be universally pursued in our schools and colleges—when the necessary qualifications for an instructor of youth will be tested, not only by the actual amount of knowledge which he possesses, but by his capabilities for presenting that knowledge in its most simple and engaging form—by his power of unfolding the dawning energies of youth, and leading them, by *ocular* and *oral* demonstration, to a gradual and full comprehension of the sublime truths in nature—when the path of instruction, instead of presenting thorns and briers, shall be

strewn with flowers—when the mind shall become an active and inquiring agent, rather than a passive machine—and when the visible acquisitions of instruction shall be proportioned to the labor and care bestowed. That such an effect never can become universal while *assertions* supply the place of *principles*, and *combinations* that of *elements*, we may venture to predict—nor while the puffing empiricism of unblushing ignorance imposes itself on the great mass of mankind as the solid ore of wisdom. The day and generation of the would be dispensers of instruction must pass—the pretended discoveries of short cuts and royal roads to learning be silenced, and modest merit emerge from the shades of obscurity, ere the genius of science shall display the arcanæ of her temple to the delighted and enquiring gaze of our youthful community.

That the advantages derived from school books are *great*—that they could not be dispensed with—we willingly admit. It is the *sole dependence* on them to which we object—the *abuse*, not the *use* of them—the influence which they exert on *one* mental function, to the prejudice of the rest. In the hand of a conscientious teacher, *who is able to do without them*—who is willing to enter, on all occasions, into a full development of their *principles*, they are of incalculable benefits to the pupil. Like other blessings, they are, at times, grossly perverted, and a present scene behind which ignorance may mask itself, and laugh at the credulity of its dupes. We are convinced that he who will take the trouble to attend a few cut and dried *question* and *answer* exhibitions, will bear witness to the truth of our assertion. *They* indeed present a striking contrast between the *art* of impressing the memory, and the *science* of expanding the intellect.

We cannot take leave of the male departments of instruction, without adverting to the waste of time in giving what is called a classical education to those intended for commercial pursuits. In a country where youth are called so early into the active walks of life as in our own—where the period allotted to education is, comparatively short—it becomes an object of importance that it should be well and profitably filled up, and with an attractive eye to its future usefulness in the world. We are perfectly aware that an inquiry into the structure of the ancient languages is a valuable school of discipline to the mind, but there are other branches of instruction much more indispensable to the respectable merchant, and which should be the special object of his youthful days. In reference to the Greek and Latin languages, we would apply the couplet of Pope:

‘A little learning is a dangerous thing,
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.’

There are few of the ancient authors which have not been ably translated. These will supply all that is necessary to the man of business, without occasioning a neglect of studies much more important. Not so with the languages of France and Spain. They are a part of our commerce—a portion of our wealth. The former is spoken in every nation that civilization has blessed, or commerce has endowed with plenty—the latter is the language of various republics, which have opened their ports to our shipping, increased our trade, and are bound to us by the still stronger tie of a communion in suffering and in triumph.—They are both an additional means of intercourse between nations, and as such, worthy the attention of every American citizen.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MY HUSBAND ON OUR BIRTH DAY.

My own, another year, its round
 Has silent gone ;
 And mark'd of joys and griefs the bound,
 As it has flown—
 On some have lowered misfortune's blight
 And cold earth's frown :
 And thou—thy life—'tis not all night,
 I am thine own.

My little bark of life was cast
 Ten years behind,
 On life's broad sea, with thine to be
 Tossed by the wind.
 How frail ! the world's deceitful tide,
 To meet alone !
 Thou took'st the weak one to thy side,
 To be thine own.

And I will be thy brightest star,
 When earth is light ;
 And mine the task dearer by far,
 In sorrow's night,
 To soothe thy brow of care, and bring
 The joys of hope,
 Or songs of other days to sing,
 To cheer thee up.

And there are other eyes to speak
 The words of love,
 And there's another voice, how sweet—
 Thine own eyes prove ;
 And child-hood's joy is dancing now,
 Upon her lips,
 Like honey-bee from every flower,
 The sweets she sips.

Then is life all a blank ?—O no,
 I feel that thou
 Would'st change thy lot with none ;
 And that e'en now
 The past with cloudy sky
 And storms has flown ;
 And Hope, thy Babe and I
 Are all thine own.

HAPPINESS.

THE beautiful, the good, the cherished, the remembered, the pursued, the bright vision, which, bursting on the enraptured eye of childhood; points the finger of Hope to the years of the sun-lit future: when adulation, respect and homage, will make our path one of thornless roses, and our life, one tireless change of bliss.—Happiness, which, when the curtain is raised, the age of childhood at length passed by, when we have seen, and known, and find that the beautiful phantoms, which looked so tempting in the distance, are but deception and mockery: which still points the way to the distant heights of ambition and wealth, as possessions which never weary, as hopes, whose fruition is joy, chameleon happiness—to what shall I liken thee; when art thou thyself.

Is childhood the happiest period of our lives? Is happiness a negative bliss? I cannot, may not think so. Can the little cherub, innocent though he may be, who laughs at a caress, and weeps at a frown; can he be enjoying the highest happiness of which noble, intellectual man is capable? Is the rose bud, delicate and lovely though it is, so blest—so beautiful as the full blown fragrant rose? Is the little half-fledged youngling, in its mother's nest, though beloved, protected, caressed: has it the bounding joyousness, the melting tenderness of bliss, of the watchful parent, who guards it? It may not be—else man, when he came fresh from the hand of infinite wisdom, would have been formed a child: the flowers which made the garden of Eden a Paradise, would have been just bursting *into* beauty: the lofty trees would have been but delicate shrubs.—In a word, Creation would have been but the germ of itself, and that it was finished, would never have been uttered by the voice of omnipotence.

Is youth the talisman of happiness to the human mind? Who has not marked the bright hope burnished in the passing sun-beam's, and blasted by the chilling siroc of reality? who has not seen the bright flush of expectant bliss on the cheek of beauty, followed in a few hours by the cold blank of disappointment and regret? who has not seen the roses of health and joy flee before the furrows of care and discontent? boy-ant hope was on the sun-beam, flowers were in the path, shade was for the weary, and music and dancing for the gay: why turned aside he whose smile was the delight of many? why shut he out the sounds of music and revelry, and closed his door against the votaries of pleasure? Ah! the tale is often told, her he had doated on had turned with care-

lessness or perhaps scorn away, or the rival whom he despised was enjoying the cup of pleasure he had raised almost to his lips. It is true that youth is more prolific of hopes than any other age; but it is also true that its share of disappointment is equally large; the mind is on the alert, it has not wearied with the pursuit of happiness; it catches at every passing ray, and takes a hue (though happily but transcient) from every shadow that flits across its path. Passions of youth are undisciplined, and they are either boyant with pleasure, or sad with despair; they have not tired with the pursuit of happiness, nor has the length of the race given him opportunity and ability for reflection.

‘ A little draft intoxicates the brain,
But drinking largely sobers it again.’

Happiness is never found on the course, thoughtlessness was never bliss: 'tis only when the race is over and we take a view of the past; that we find that in the absence of the cares which *now* begin to gather around us, and amidst the lavished affections with which we *were* surrounded, we might have *been* happy. It is only when sunny day which we had disregarded in its meridian, is drawing to a close, that we find that it is lovely—it is only at the dawn of a new, and to our discontented fancies, a less happy era, that we find that we *were* blest.

Is the meridian of life, also the meridian of “that something still which prompts the eternal sigh?” let us look around us; here is one the prize of whose ambition is wealth; see the traces of care and watchfulness on his once handsome and smiling face: see him trim his midnight lamp, and lean with intense scrutiny over the long ledger, his losses and gains—is he happy? but see? now he raises his head—care, vexation, scrutiny and distrust, are in his eye: but happiness, he has banished her in the vain hope of building a palace for her permanent abode. Here is the man of letters—the toils that taught the world that he was great, have consumed the vivacity of his eye, and worn deep furrows on his lofty brow. Still he toils on, eager to win the applause of the world whom he despises; bending over the well worn desk, with his head resting on his hand, and his eyes gazing at vacancy: he is searching in the deep wells of intellect, for some lofty thought, which he may clothe in beauties of his own creation, and send forth to astonish the world, and enroll his name among the lists of master spirits—his aliment is deep—deep—thought; his luxuries in reviewing again the intellectual labors which are his miser's treasure, and building high the airy castle of their success and his fame, till the mind wears out its frail tenement, and he sinks to the grave; and he and the deep labors that consumed him are alike forgotten. But I need not multiply instances, it must be evident to the most casual observer, that the middle age of life is one of busy care and exertion—one of laying the foundation for,

rather than enjoying happiness. And now we come to old age—calm, placid old age—says Poetry : but how often do we find it the reverse ; how often do we find that the disappointments and vexations of life, instead of teaching the lesson which they should ever teach, “in whatever situation we are in, therewith to be content”—how often do we see that they have left the impression of themselves, on the character which they were sent to purify ; how often do we find that, discontented with the situation in which Providence has placed them, fretfull and impatient at every occurrence contrary to their wishes, fancying neglect or disrespect from every one around, they are least of all, in the enjoyment of happiness : of the world they have seen enough to weary them, of mankind they are jealous and distrustful ; of the friends of their youth many, very many, have gone the way whence they will not return ; and the few that remain, are scattered as it were to the four winds, too far separated for sympathy or commiseration. What then is human life—is the burden of existence forced upon us as a punishment for some crime committed in former state, of which we have no idea ? or rather is it not our own fault, that it is not as happy as it should be, to fit us for that far brighter and more glorious state of existence, which awaits those that have fought the good fight and finished their course with joy. Happiness is a plant which I am fully persuaded can never grow to a state of perfection, on the soil of earth ; it is of Heavenly origin ; and purity, greatness, peace and light are its constituents : but that it may flourish and bring forth fruit, as well adapted to our mortal capacities as it shall be in its state of perfection to our better part, when this mortal shall have put on immortality, I have not a doubt. “The man that would be happy must be great”—was perhaps one of the wisest sayings of a well known Poet ; and were it *wisely* reduced to practice, would conduce more to the happiness of the world, than all the lengthy and labored dissertations which school men ever wrote.

How many of the grievances of life arise from circumstances, infinitely beneath the notice of a man of elevated mind—let me not be understood to advocate a calous insensibility to all around us—on the contrary, I would look upon the evils of life, as from a “rock of defence,” I would gaze at the surge which broke its fury at its base—in the full consciousness that a power mightier than I directed its fury, and would say, when it had accomplished his own designs of wisdom—hitherto shalt thou come but no farther. There is a sweet and holy confidence in infinite wisdom, diffused over the mind, in the contemplation of our dependence upon a higher power. “My Father, be thou the guide of my youth.” What a sweet motto for the young, replete with confidence in him who is our Creator and preserver. For the middle aged, amidst the toils and vexations of their stations—“The Lord is my

sun and my shield; my sun to shed its rays of light and life upon my path; my shield from every ill." And for those on the declivity of life—"Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." In order then to be happy in any stage of life, we should accustom ourselves to look with complacency on the situation in which we are placed. What though every thing around us is not just as *our* wisdom would have directed? what though a cloud is above our head, or thorns in our path? Can we not look at light or darkness lest our eye grow dim and our weak brains are turned?

O weak ignoble man—the storms of life
Crush our weak reasons, and we shrink from life,
Writhing with pain and anguish;
We should blush
To wear an Angel's crown, or ask a seat
In Heaven.

"Washington will never be conquered." "Why," inquired his companion. "Because," answered the old man—"I have just seen him in the woods praying; and if such a man as Washington prays, he must be invincible."

Weems' life of Washington.

He stood alone—o'er the chieftain's head
No banner of stars was waving;
Nor 'round were the Hosts he was wont to lead
Where clashed the arms, and the battle steed,
In blood, his hoofs were laving.

His head was uncovered; and near him there laid
The sword, for his country's redeeming;
And the winds hushed their voice; and the trees o'er his head,
Laid their leaves still, and quiet, as if half afraid
To wake that high soul, from its dreaming.

Where! where! are his thoughts? for a startling tear
Down the cheek of the warrior is stealing.
Ah! the woes of his country have called it: for dear
Is his land to his soldier's bosom, and drear
Is the vision the future revealing.

Ah! he is the hope of his country; and he
Feels a mortals weakness o'er him.
But he turns to his God, who erst through the sea
Led his chosen, and feels he will fight for the free,
And the christian, is kneeling before him.

Hush ! hush—'twas the Zephyr : no voice from on high,
 The stillness of nature hath broken ;
 But gratitude now claims her tear, for his eye
 Is fixed, in high confidence now, on the sky,
 Which hideth the presence of Him, who passed by
 And peace, to his spirit hath spoken.

Where, where, was he great ? on the red-battle field,
 Where thousands his nod were obeying ?
 Even there, for there victory was graved on his shield ;
 And the fate of his country, in glory was sealed,
 While tyranny's hosts they were slaying.

Yet more ! he was glorious ! when in the deep glen,
 He knelt midst the shadows of even ;
 And cast off the dark world's defilement and sin ;
 While far from the noise, and the folly of men,
 He communed with his father in Heaven.

A SLIDE IN THE WHITE MOUNTAINS.

ROBERT looked upward. Awful precipices, to the height of more than two thousand feet above him. Near the highest pinnacle, and the very one over which Abamocho had been seated, the earth had been loosened by the violent rains. Some slight cause, perhaps the sudden bursting forth of a mountain spring, had given motion to the mass ; and it was now moving forward, gathering fresh strength from its progress, uprooting the old trees, unbedding the ancient rocks, and all rolling onwards with a velocity no human barrier could oppose, no created power resist. One glance told Robert that Mary must perish ; that he could not save her. " But I will die with her ! " he exclaimed ; and, shaking off the grasp of Mendowit as he would a feather, " Mary, oh, Mary ! " he continued, rushing towards her. She uncovered her head, made an effort to rise, and articulated, " Robert ! " as he caught and clasped her to his bosom.—" Oh, Mary, must we die ? " he exclaimed. " We must, we must, " she cried, as she gazed on the rolling mountain in agonizing horror ; " why, why did you come ? " He replied not ; but leaning against the rock, pressed her closer to his heart ; while she, clinging around his neck, burst into a passion of tears, and laying her head on his bosom, sobbed like an infant. He bowed his face upon her cold, wet cheek, and breathed one cry for mercy ; yet, even then, there was in the hearts of both lovers a feeling of wild joy in the thought that they should not be separated.

The mass came down, tearing and crumbling, and sweeping all before it !—The whole mountain trembled, and the ground shook like an earthquake. The air was darkened by the shower of water, stones, and branches of trees, crushed and shivered to atoms ; while the blast swept by like a whirlwind, and the crash and roar of the convulsion were far more appalling than the loudest thunder.

It might have been one minute, or twenty,—for neither of the lovers took note of time—when in the hush as of deathlike stillness that succeeded the uproar, Robert looked around, and saw the consuming storm had passed by. It had passed, covering the valley, farther than the eye could reach, with ruin. Masses of granite, and shivered trees, and mountain earth, were heaped high around, filling the bed of the Saco, and exhibiting an awful picture of the desolating track of the avalanche. One little spot had escaped its wrath, and there, safe, as if sheltered in the hollow of His hand, who notices the fall of a sparrow, and locked in each other's arms, were Robert and Mary ! Beside them stood Mendowit ; his gun firmly clenched, and his quick eye rolling around him like a maniac. He had followed Robert, though he did not intend it ; probably impelled by that feeling which makes us loathe to face danger alone ; and thus had escaped.

WHAT IS PERFECT?

WHAT is Perfect? can that be perfect which is as evanescent as the morning dew? I have seen the rose of the bower, and the lily of the valley, and both seemed perfect in its kind, but when the sun was descending I looked again, and the withered leaves only remained to say, if this is perfection it is not for earth. I turned from the perishable and sought the imperishable; and beheld the lofty mountain whose icy summit kissed the airy clouds of Heaven, and said, here is perfection in its most sublime point of view; innumerable streams gushed from its sides, which were formed into translucent cascades and precipitated themselves into the lake beneath; around which flourished vines in all the luxuriance of a tropical clime: and as I gazed I said surely this must be forever—but again I looked, and the destroying volcano had been there, and its withering power had left nothing save a huge mass of chaos, to tell that grandeur and perfection once reigned triumphant here. Again I turned away from this to the haunts of men, and thought in the image of the Creator there must be perfection. I beheld one of earth's highest born; in form and feature he was perfect—his noble mind had raised him far above his species, and the world admiring gazed; honor and power were within his grasp, and the voice of love and homage was yet sounding in his ear, the eye of admiration was yet upon him, and his mind in its humble innocence was yet uncontaminated—but alas! while earth's choicest gifts were spread before him, the inebriating cup was drained to the very dregs; the intoxicating poison had touched his brain, and hurled him from the height on which he stood,—sin, in its most deadly form, had entered his angelic mind, and he was driven from the abodes of men, a wretched and loathsome thing. But I said surely the human race is not thus wholly cursed—woman's heart is spotless. And I saw her “beautiful in face and fair in form”—grace was in every motion; loveliness itself was enthroned in her heart: and nothing was there to tell that sin had ever visited the earth. But while I yet gazed it became evident that the soft tint of her cheek was imprinted by the flattering hand of death, and as I rejoiced that one so lovely and perfect, had been permitted to visit the earth,—an angel bore her from earth to join her kindred spirits in a brighter sphere, and seemed to say, beauty and perfection are not attributes of mortals. But again I turned in confidence to the homes of men, and saw the infant on its mother's knee; its smiling face told of unalloyed happiness now,

and still happier days to come, in words scarcely intelligible even to a mother. Its mind, which was already beginning to sparkle, promised to shine forth a brilliant luminary, to enlighten the age it was born to bless; and when I saw the proud father and the anxious mother watching it with a care that seemed to defy the entrance of sin into its guileless bosom; I said this will be a light to guide the succeeding generation in the path of virtue; and one that will redeem the sinful character of its kind; but while I watched with increasing interest, both parents and child, I saw the tear of grief in the eye of the doating father, and the bursting heart of the despairing mother, told a tale of disobedience and sin, of the ungrateful and erring child—he had fallen—his father's house was degraded by his presence. A stranger in a foreign land made him a grave; and the stone that rests above him, by his own request, tells the traveler that the curse of an injured father followed him, and that his unparalleled crimes brought an affectionate mother to an early grave. And then I turned from the earth away and proclaimed to mortals that there is nothing perfect on earth, and warned them to look alone to Him—for the perfect who created the imperfect.

Williamsburg, July, 1835.

THE HEART.

THE heart—the gifted heart—
 Who may reveal its depths to human sight?
 What eloquence impart.
 The softness of its love—the grandeur of its might.
 It is the seat of bliss—
 The blessed home of all affections sweet.
 It smiles when friendship is;
 It glows when social feelings meet.
 'Tis virtue's hallowed fane—
 'Tis freedom's first, and best, and noblest shield?
 A strength that will remain,
 When grosser powers and feebler spirits yield?
 It is religion's shrine;
 From whence our holiest aspirations wing;
 Where joys which are divine,
 And hopes, which are of Heaven, alone may spring.

The fount of tenderness—
 Where every purer passion has its birth,
 To cheer—to charm—to bless,
 And sanctify our pilgrimage on earth.

LITERARY NOTICES.

THE CRAYON MISCELLANY, No. 2, containing *Abbotsford and Newstead Abbey*.

WITH pleasure we announce to our readers another volume from the gifted pen of Mr. IRVING. We had scarcely arisen from the perusal of his vivid descriptions of the far west, its wild scenery, and its savage haunts, ere we found ourselves roaming with our author across the broad Atlantic, and with him receiving a hearty welcome to Abbotsford. Here, in our "mind's eye," we find ourselves in the hospitable retreat of the great and good Scott, as ill at ease as if we were really a part and parcel of his charming domestic circle. And here we spend a few short days in this elysium, now with the "little old man in blue coat and red waistcoat," threading the cloisters, and remarking the exquisite labors of the artist, seemingly the work of yesterday, though they had withstood the long lapse of years, and amusing ourselves with the ingenious devices of our simple guide. Again, with the great novelist we ramble "among scenes which had been familiar in Scottish song, and rendered classic by the pastoral muse long before he had thrown the rich mantle of his poetry over them." These call up in the mind of our author, the most pleasing associations. The "banks and braes of bonnie doon," and the "gray hills of the Tweed," in fine, every mountain and valley, town and tower, green shaw and running stream celebrated in song, give rise to a "train of delicious fancies and feelings."

The whole visit of Washington Irving at the hospitable abode of Scott, was of the most pleasing kind, and his graphic pen has portrayed in lively colors every thing connected with him. His delineations of his private character are excellent, and have served to increase our admiration of the genius and worth of the great author of *Waverly*. That our readers may have a specimen of Irving's happy style, as well as a comprehensive view of his subject, we extract the following, which closes the account of his visit to Abbotsford.

"The conversation of Scott was frank, hearty, picturesque and dramatic.—During the time of my visit he inclined to the comic rather than the grave, in his anecdotes and stories, and such, I was told, was his general inclination. He relished a joke, or a trait of humor in social intercourse, and laughed with right good will. He talked not for effect or display, but from the flow of his spirits, the stores of his memory, and the vigor of his imagination. He had a natural turn for narration, and his narratives and descriptions were without effort, yet wonderfully graphic. He placed the scene before you like a picture: he gave the dialogue with the appropriate dialect or peculiarities, and described the appearance and characters of his personages with that spirit and felicity evinced in his writings. Indeed, his conversation reminded me continually of his novels;

and it seemed to me, that during the whole time I was with him, he talked enough to fill volumes, and that they could not have been filled more delightfully.

"He was as good listener as talker, appreciated every thing that others said, however humble might be their rank or pretensions, and was quick to testify his perception of any point in their discourse. He arrogated nothing to himself, but perfectly unassuming and unpretending, entering with heart and soul into the business, or pleasure, or, I had almost said folly, of the hour and the company. No one's concerns, no one's thoughts, no one's opinions, no one's tastes and pleasures seemed beneath him. He made himself so thoroughly the companion of those with whom he happened to be, that they forgot for a time his vast superiority, and only recollected and wondered, when all was over, that it was Scott with whom they had been on such familiar terms, and in whose society they had felt so perfectly at their ease.

"It was delightful to observe the generous mode in which he spoke of all his literary cotemporaries, quoting the beauties of their works, and this, too, with respect to persons with whom he might have been supposed to be at variance in literature or politics. Jeffrey it was thought, had ruffled his plumes in one of his reviews, yet Scott spoke of him in terms of high and warm eulogy, both as an author and as a man.

"His humor in conversation, as in his works, was genial and free from all causticity. He had a quick perception of faults and foibles, but he looked upon poor human nature with an indulgent eye, relishing what was good and pleasant, tolerating what was frail, and pitying what was evil. It is this beneficent spirit which gives such an air of bonhomme to Scott's humor throughout all his works. He played with the foibles and errors of his fellow beings, and presented them in a thousand whimsical and characteristic lights, but the kindness and generosity of his nature would not allow him to be a satirist. I do not recollect a sneer throughout his conversation any more than there is throughout his works.

Such is a rough sketch of Scott, as I saw him in private life, not merely at the time of the visit here narrated, but in the casual intercourse of subsequent years. Of his public character and merits, all the world can judge. His works have incorporated themselves with the thoughts and concerns of the whole civilized world, for a quarter of a century, and have had a controlling influence over the age in which he lived. But when did human being ever exercise an influence more salutary and benignant? Who is there that, on looking back over a great portion of his life, does not find the genius of Scott administering to his pleasures, beguiling his cares, and soothing his lonely sorrows? Who does not still guard his works as a Treasury of pure enjoyment, an armory to which to resort in time of need, to find weapons with which to fight off the evils and the griefs of life? For my own part, in periods of dejection, I have hailed the announcement of a new work from his pen as an earnest of certain pleasure in store for me, and have looked forward to it as a traveler in a waste looks to a given spot at a distance, where he feels assured of solace and refreshment. When I consider how much he has thus contributed to the better hours of my past existence, and how independent his works still make me, at times, of all the world for my enjoyment, I bless my stars that cast my lot in his days, to be thus cheered and gladdened by the outpourings of his genius. I consider it one of the greatest advantages that I have derived from my literary career, that it has elevated me into genial communion with such a spirit; and as a tribute of gratitude for his friendship, and veneration for his memory, I cast this humble stone upon his cairn, which will soon, I trust, be piled aloft with the contributions of abler hands."

The remainder of the volume is occupied with a narration of a three weeks sojourn at Newstead Abbey, which had been the residence of Lord Byron. He has given us a succinct account of its history, from its origin as a Priory, down through the Byron family, to its present owner, Colonel Wildman. His descriptions of this ancient establishment, its garden and its environs, its customs and festivals, are in the author's happiest manner. The Abbey, since it became the property of the present incumbent, has been greatly improved and renovated. Every monument and relic of the Byron family, and every object in any wise connected with the memory of the poet, has been preserved with a reverential care. Many interesting anecdotes are related of Byron. The volume closes with a story, entitled the "Little White Lady," which is full of deep interest, and savors more

of romance than stern reality. We hope to see this, as well as all other works of our illustrious countryman, universally read, and a place given to them in every library.

We cannot close this notice more appropriately than by quoting the beautiful language of a cotemporary print. "What a rich glow of imagination and poetry does Irving throw over all the productions of his pen! How humane and gentle the spirit that breathes from every page! How pure, graphic and musical the flow of his superb language! How delicate the turn of his thoughts! How magical the effect of his fitly chosen epithets! It is honorable to the good taste of our age and country, that the beautiful creations of his genius are hailed with universal enthusiasm, and read with unbounded delight. Long may he continue to hold the high place assigned him in the world of letters, and to sway his mighty influence for the benevolent purpose of exalting the taste, enlivening the imagination, and awakening all the kindly sympathies of his countrymen."

LECTURES TO YOUNG PEOPLE: by WILLIAM B. SPRAGUE, D. D.: with an Introductory Address, by SAMUEL MILLER, D. D. Third American Edition—New York: 1835.

Whatever is written for the rising generation never fails to arrest our attention. A deep, and, as we trust, an unfailing interest in the prosperity of our dear Republic, and in the perpetuity of its excellent institutions, inspires us with solicitude for the proper education of those who are so soon to direct its measures, and sway its destinies, or in the words of the introductory address, "who are soon to govern public sentiment, and to hold in their hands the peace, the order and the happiness of the community." It is with that *feeling of interest* that we take up every work that falls within our reach, which makes any pretence of being for the benefit of the young.

The work before us we have read with peculiar pleasure. It is decidedly of a religious character; but no one who reads it—and all *should* read it—will accuse the writer of being swayed by sectarian prejudices, or of presenting religion in a dress repulsive even to the gayest of the young. Her garb is loveliness—"her ways are ways of pleasantness"—and the youthful and gay are taught that piety is the perfection of happiness, as well as the guardian of virtue. So much for the general subject of the lectures. As a literary performance they are creditable to the writer. "Rich and judicious in matter; neat, perspicuous and attractive in style; and peculiarly adapted to engage and reward the attention of the enlightened, reflecting and literary youth."

Dr. Miller's introductory address discovers a mind acutely perceptive of the connection between cause and effect, in early education. We cannot forbear making liberal extracts from it, though we trust few of our readers will long have occasion to thank us for them, unless it may be that what we lay before them may call their attention to a work which can never be too much read. We commence on the 14th page.

"There is perhaps, no class of the community more negligent of the department of Religion, in conducting the education of their youth, than the wealthy and the honorable. And to this fact we are, perhaps, to ascribe another, as melancholy as it is notorious; namely, that the children of what are commonly called the higher classes so frequently fall victims to dissipation and vice. The truth is, there is no portion of our youth who so imperiously need the restraining and purifying influence of Religion, in forming their character and habits, as the children of opulent and distinguished families. Why is it that they are so frequently profligate; and so seldom either retain the wealth that has been bequeathed to them, or keep up the honors which their fathers acquired by knowl-

edge, virtue, or public services? Obviously because they are commonly furnished with so many means of sensual gratification:—are placed in circumstances adapted so strongly to flatter and inflate;—and are surrounded with a thousand temptations, which are all so many bars to sobriety of mind. In short, feeling at every step, as if they had something to sustain them besides their own exertions, and as if the advantages of birth and fortune would more than supply the place of personal accomplishments, they too often fall into habits of gross self-indulgence, and soon to forfeit all the advantages which they fondly imagined could never be lost. *Forfeit* them, did, I say?—far worse than this;—they convert them into means of the most humiliating corruption and degradation; and thus often fall far lower than some of the most indigent and uneducated of their cotemporaries.” * * *

“We often tell the POOR, that VITAL RELIGION (the only kind of religion that deserves the name) is the richest treasure which *they* can seek for themselves and their children; that it is adapted to alleviate their sorrows, to sustain them under the heaviest trials of life, to lift them at once to usefulness and enjoyment, and to lead their offspring to the truest and best elevation. But quite as strongly, nay, by arguments of peculiar urgency, may we recommend this Treasure to the RICH, not only as the best hope of their *own* souls, but also as the only adequate hope of their children; as the best of all security that those whom they love as themselves, shall not prove fugitives and vagabonds on the earth; and convert all the advantages which they, with so much toil, have bequeathed to them, into mere incentives to crime and infamy.

“With peculiar earnestness would I apply this train of remark to such youth as are enjoying the advantages of a refined literary education; and particularly to those young men who are ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the higher walks of literature and science. To such I would say—The object which you seek is noble, is worthy of your pursuit. But, like every thing else, if it be not *sanctified*, you will have no ultimate reason to rejoice in it, even if attained. The religion of Jesus Christ properly understood, and cordially embraced, gives to learning its highest finish; to genius its most exquisite power; to poetry its most resistless energy; to professional skill its most invaluable aids; and to political wisdom its happiest insight, and preparation for blessing mankind. * * *

“There is another thought of deep interest which occurs in this connection.—The highly favored, but most responsible population of this land, is now conducting an experiment of incalculable importance to ourselves and to mankind: the experiment whether men are capable of self-government? In other words, whether they can live permanently and in peace under rulers of their own choice and laws of their own formation; or whether they are destined, until the Millennium shall open on our world, continually to vibrate between anarchy and despotism;—between the manacles of privileged orders, and the exactions of an established Church—and the infuriated licentiousness of popular profligacy, which refuses to obey any law, either of God or man? This experiment, as I said, is now going on; and it probably will be decided by the men of the next generation; by those whose principles and character are now forming. Of course, every youth who is decisively won to the side of Christian knowledge and practice, is so much gained to the cause of our national hopes. If, then, we wish to transmit all our privileges, civil and religious, unimpaired, to the latest posterity, let our young men be deeply imbued with the spirit of the BIBLE. If we wish to avert from our country the curse of an ecclesiastical establishment, that bane of both church and state, let the BIBLE and NOTHING BUT THE BIBLE, be impressed upon the minds of our youth, as the only INFALLIBLE RULE OF FAITH AND PRACTICE. Here, and here only, do we find those principles which are equally opposed to slavery and licentiousness. Every young man who has been trained in the spirit of the Bible, will be, as far as his influence goes, an impregnable barrier against every species of oppression, civil or religious; and equally against every species of disorder. Only let the great mass of our population for the next forty years, drink deep into the spirit of the BIBLE, and we may probably consider our stability and happiness as a nation finally secured.” * * *

“I need not add, that genuine piety is the best pledge of personal and professional success in life. The youth who consents to embark on the ocean of life, in any profession, without unfeigned piety, is infatuated. He proceeds without compass or chart. He is without any sure “anchor of the soul.” He is absolutely destitute of any thing suited either to hold or to direct him securely on the troubled waters. On the other hand, all experience proves, that he who, in entering on his career, takes the Gospel of Christ as his guide in every pursuit,—

derives from it his standard of morals.—appeals to it to learn his duty—to solve his doubts—to animate his hopes—and to form all his principles of action—is in the fairest way to be happy in himself, beloved of all around him, prosperous in his affairs, and favored, in a word, with the best kind of success that true wisdom can desire or pray for here below. If man is to be prepared by education for the *duties* as well as the *business* of life, then surely that education which alone is likely to purify and quicken the conscience, to elevate the affections, to soften the heart, to inspire with practical wisdom, and to bind the individual by the ties of supreme love to God, and by those of enlightened and impartial benevolence to men, is adapted to promote, in the highest degree, personal and social happiness, in this life, as well as in that which is to come."

Such are the sentiments—such the principles—which should be instilled into the minds of the youth of our land. Especially are they now called for when the strong tide of popular tumult seems to be swelling onward to overwhelm all that is honorable in liberty—all that is sacred in law: when the variable humor of the mob, too often awes the magistrate, and mistaken humanity interposes a shield to screen the violator of all that is humane in conduct from deserved punishment and infamy.

After these liberal extracts from the introductory address, we have not room for the extracts from the Lectures we had marked for insertion, and must refer our readers to the work itself, as an unfailing source of entertainment and instruction.

The Alexandrian, Republic of Letters, &c. These works, with several others, with various titles, are published periodically, and composed of selections from the great mass of literature with which the age so plentifully abounds. It is the intention of the publishers to republish such works as are of sterling worth, and thus far their precept has been carried into a very successful practice. The "*Alexandrian*" commenced with D'Israeli's *Curiosities of Literature*, a production of great merit, and has followed the same high stand in relation to its selections.—The "*Republic of Letters*," also, has brought again to the public view many excellent things, among which we find Voltaire's *Charles 12th*, and two or three of Mackenzie's popular works. The terms are exceeding low, only six and a quarter cents per number, containing thirty-two pages of closely printed matter, and well executed. They are issued weekly in the octavo form, a very convenient one for binding. The "*Curiosities of Literature*," which has been sold at our Bookstores for *four dollars* a copy, is here given for *only thirty seven and a half cents!* Who that has the least particle of literary taste, will fail to subscribe for these periodicals? The undertaking of the publisher is certainly very meritorious, and we hope that he will receive an extensive patronage. Subscriptions are received at our Bookstores.

In connection with the foregoing remarks, we are induced to say a few words in relation to the republication of the works of Paulding and others, which are again presented to the reading community in beautiful uniform editions. We are right glad to see this spirit of enterprize in the literary world. There are many things of superior merit which should be brought to light, having been thrust aside for a while by some sparkling meteor which engrosses the mind till it has ceased to dazzle with its short-lived brilliancy. We shall, in some future number, take occasion to comment more particularly upon the different authors.

PENCIL SKETCHES, BY MISS LESLIE. Contents—The Wilson House; The Album; The Reading Parties; the Sett of China; Laura Lovell; John W. Robertson; a Tale of a Cent; the Ladies Ball. These Tales are familiar to most of us, as they have previously appeared in popular Periodicals, and are laid in our own country. However, they will well bear a second perusal—we recommend them to the literary public.

THE PEOPLE'S MAGAZINE OF USEFUL KNOWLEDGE: BOSTON, SAMUEL COLMAN. This we consider one of the best works—considered in a *utilitarian* point of view, with which we are acquainted. It is embellished with numerous Engravings from active and actual life. We would particularly recommend it as an acquisition to the families of country gentlemen, who frequently have not the means of acquiring that variety of knowledge at the same time, which is often so lightly prized in town.

PARLEY'S MAGAZINE: BOSTON, SAMUEL COLMAN. This is an interesting and useful little periodical—at least so say the children; for whose opinions we have a great respect. We think it deserves the extensive patronage it has obtained.

MINIATURE PAINTING.

FOR our young City we already begin to anticipate a pre-eminence in the FINE ARTS; and we think we may risk the assertion that she already contains talents sufficient, under proper direction, and *efficient patronage*, to give her a name and a station, which elder sisters need not scorn to emulate. We had intended, in a general manner to notice the PAINTERS of Bangor, in this number; but circumstances will oblige us to confine our observations to the productions of Mr. WALLACE; several of whose *Miniatures* we have had the pleasure of examining. We think he very much excels in the elegant art of his profession; there is something peculiarly *living*, if we may so express ourselves, in his productions. We have not only the “form and comeliness” of the face—the cut of the coat; but we have the speaking countenance, the tell-tale expression of the eyes, which reveals the character whose exterior we are viewing.

We regret that Mr. Wallace is about temporarily to leave our city for Boston, at the request of a number of gentlemen residing there; and also to attend to the engraving of a view of our city, the original drawing of which he has been some time preparing. In the Miniature as well as the Landscape line of his profession, we sincerely wish him the patronage which his talents deserve.